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JOURNEY

into

FEAR

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HARBOR
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GHOST Bride!

FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO HAVE
ONLY WONDERED WHAT LIFE IS
LIKE IN THE GRAND MANSIONS OF
THE POWERFULLY RICH, LET US
PEER ACROSS THE HIGH GATES
AND THROUGH THE BRICK WALLS
OF THE VALCOURT ESTATE. BUT
FIRST TAKE WARNING - YOU ARE
IN FOR A SHOCK!



JED VALCOURT WAS A YOUNG MAN, YET HE HAD THE APPEARANCE OF ONE GREATLY AGED... HIS WIFE, TOO, WAS ODD... WITH HER WAN FACE, HER FABULOUS JEWELS AND LONG GLOVES THAT SHE WORE CONSTANTLY...

...AND THE LONE BLIND SERVANT.
WHAT WAS THE STORY BEHIND THIS
STRANGE HOUSEHOLD?



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

BET US TURN BACK TIME TO THE DAY THE PLEASANT-FACED FAMILY DOCTOR SAT AND QUIETLY EXPLAINED THE FACTS OF MRS. VALCOURT'S COMPLICATED NERVOUS CONDITION TO THE RELIEF OF HIS LISTENERS...



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

SO YOU SEE, DEAR READER, LIFE IN A MANSION CAN BE A WONDERFUL DREAM, AS IT WAS WITH THE YOUNG LADY VALCOURT UNTIL ONE EVENING...



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

JED VALCOURT SHUT HIMSELF OFF IN THE ROOM WITH THE CORPSE OF HIS LOVELY BRIDE... FOR DAYS HIS SOBRING ECHOED THROUGHOUT THE HALLS...

SOMEHOW I FAILED YOU... YOUR FRAIL HEALTH... OH, MY DARLING, WHAT DID I DO TO HAVE THIS HAPPEN...

GO AWAY, EDWARD...

BUT, SIR, YOU CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS FOREVER! I BROUGHT YOU COFFEE AND I BEG YOU TO DRINK IT...

NO CASKET FOR MY BELOVED! I COULDN'T BEAR TO THINK OF HER SHUT IN A BOX, SUNK IN THE COOL EARTH...

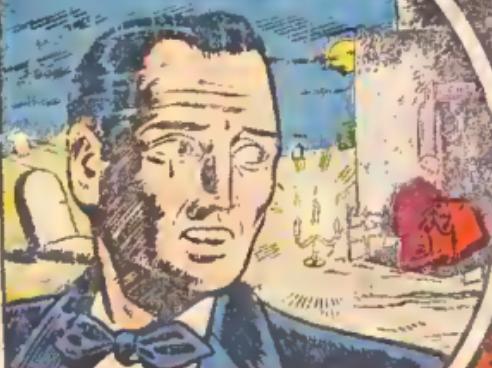
I HAVE PREPARED A SILKEN COUCH IN THE FAMILY VAULT AS YOU REQUESTED...

I WILL BE GENTLE WITH HER, SIR... SHE WILL REST PEACEFULLY HERE ON THE ESTATE WITH YOUR ANCESTORS...

TAKE HER... AND I CAN'T WATCH ANY MORE...

GOODBYE, MY CARLING... OUR SPIRITS WILL NEVER BE PARTED...

JUNE... JUNE... HOW CAN I LIVE WITHOUT YOU... BELOVED WIFE?



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

YOUNG JED'S FACE
AGED
HAIR
SILVERED
AT THE
TEMPS
FOR DAY,
ONLY ONE
THING
ABSORBED
HIS TIME...
THE PORTRAIT
OF HIS LOST
LOVE...



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

JED WAITED... TREMBLING... SURELY THIS WHITE FACED GIRL WAS HIS WIFE. BUT WAS SHE TRULY ALIVE? SHE HAD CHANGED... HE WAITED FOR HER TO SPEAK. AND AT LONG LAST SHE BEGAN TO EXPLAIN.

EDWARD... HE CAME TO MY ROOM WHILE I WAS DRESSING FOR DINNER... HE THREATENED ME WITH A KNIFE. I FELL IN THE FLOOR IN A TRANCE.

...HE WANTED THOSE JEWELS, DARLING... HE ROBBED THE VAULT... TO GET MY RINGS HE SEVERED MY FINGER. THE FLOW OF BLOOD MIGHT HAVE REVIVED ME.

CAN THIS BE TRUE? Y-YOUR FINGER! IT'S GONE!

YOU HEARD VOICES, EH, EDWARD? WELL, LOOK, AND SEE WHOSE VOICE YOU HEARD!

MRS. VALCOURT! N-NO! IT CAN'T BE!

WHERE ARE MY JEWELS YOU TOOK, EDWARD?

NO, NO, I... UGH...

THE SHOCK WAS TOO MUCH FOR HIM... DON'T LOOK, DARLING... HE'S DEAD!

HIS GUILT KILLED HIM, JED

TO MY RETURN, JEO... AND TO MY LOVE FOR YOU THAT NEVER CAN DIE...

TO YOU... MY DARLING... NOTHING OR ANYONE WILL EVER HARM YOU AGAIN AS LONG AS I LIVE!

TRUE TO HIS WORD, JED VALCOURT, WENT SO FAR AS TO HIRE A LONE BLIND SERVANT THAT NOTHING OR ANYONE WOULD EVER MAR THE HAPPINESS WITHIN THE STRANGE HOUSE AGAIN.

INVISIBLE TERROR

BETSY WARD MOVED INTO ANOTHER WOMAN'S HOUSE BUT SHE WAS NEVER PERMITTED TO FORGET SHE WAS UNWELCOME, UNWANTED AND UNSAFE.



AUNT TESS, I KNOW YOU'RE FIFTY YEARS AGO I
MY KIN AND I RESPECT FOUND OUT HER
YOU, BUT I LOVE BETSY
WARD AND I AM
MARRYING HER, NO
MATTER WHAT!

GRANDPAPPY WAS A
NO ACCOUNT, AND
BLOOD CARRIES ITS
STAIN! THAT GIRL WILL
BRING YE GRIEF,
BERT!

WED UP WITH
THAT ONE AND
A CURSE WILL
HANG OVER
THIS CABIN!

THAT'S OLD FOLKS'
TALK, AUNTY!
BESIDES WE'VE
SET OUR WEDDING
DATE AND THAT'S
THAT!



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

AUNT TESS' BURNING HATE FOR THE WARD CLAN HAD NO EFFECT ON YOUNG BERT, AND FINALLY ONE MORNING HE BROUGHT HOME HIS YOUNG BRIDE...

OVER YOU GO, DARLIN'! THIS IS YOUR NEW HOME AND THERE IS YOUR AUNT, TESS...



I... I NOTICED YOU DIDN'T COME TO THE PREACHERS, AUNT TESS. BUT MAYBE YOU'D LIKE MY BOUQUET...

DON'T TOUCH ME WITH THEM POSIES! AND I AINT YOUR KIN NOW NO MORE'N I EVER WAS!



I... I DIDN'T MEAN TO BE OUTSPOKEN! I JUST THOUGHT...

IT'S BEGINNIN'! I CAN FEEL THE CURSE SLIPPIN' OVER THIS CABIN ALREADY!



BITTER HEART CAN CAUSE A SICK BODY, AND IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE OLD TESS SMITH TOOK TO HER BED IN SILENCE...



WON'T YOU PLEASE MAKE FRIENDS WITH ME, MISS SMITH, FOR BERT'S SAKE

NEVER! YOU'RE A CURSED ONE AND I'LL HAVE NO PART OF YOU!



WHAT SHALL I DO? ALL THAT TALK ABOUT CURSES AND HER NOT SPEAKING TO ME WHILE LIVING UNDER THE SAME ROOF!

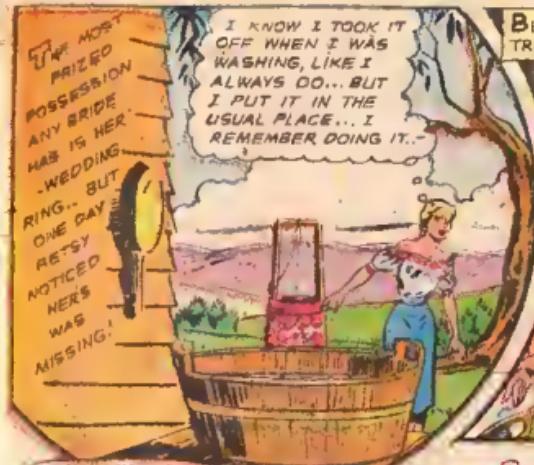


JOURNEY INTO FEAR

THAT
NIGHT WHEN
BERT
RETURNED
HOME,
HE FOUND
BETSY
IN TEARS...
GRIM
DETERMINATION
CROSSED
HIS FACE
AS HE
WENT TO
THE CLOSED
DOOR...



JOURNEY INTO FEAR



BERT'S DAILY CHORES MADE HIM A HEAVY SLEEPER, BUT BETSY, UPSET ABOUT HER RING, STARED INTO THE MOON-STREAKED DARKNESS, AND SUDDENLY SHE HEARD A GHASTLY FAMILIAR SOUND...



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

If Bert had any thoughts about his wife's high strung conduct, they all left him when he learned that he was to become a father... and on the important night...



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

FEARFUL OF LEAVING HIS WIFE AND CHILD ALONE AND NOT DARING TO ADMIT HE, TOO, KNEW OF THE CURSE, BERT HIRED A DISTANT HILL WOMAN TO WATCH OVER HIS FAMILY WHILE HE WORKED...



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

CLUTCHING HER BABY TO HER IN THE FLICKER-
ING CANDLELIGHT, BETSY
FELT WAVES OF TERROR
SWIM OVER HER POUNDING
HEART...

D—DON'T GO,
MILORD! I TELL
YOU IT WAS
NOTHING!

BERT WILL BE HOME
ANY MINUTE! HOLD
THE BABY AND I'LL
MAKE SOME TEA...

I'M FEARED TO...
I'M TREMBLING
TOO MUCH...

BERT! OH, I THOUGHT
YOU'D NEVER GIT HERE!

WHAT'S WRONG?
STORM WORRY,
YOU TWO?

I... I THINK IT
WAS MORE THAN
THE STORM,
BERT!

NOW WHAT
ARE YOU
IMAGINING?

L—LOOK! ARE WE
IMAGINING THAT?
IT WASN'T THREE
BEFORE THE LIGHT
BLEW OUT!

AUNT TESS'
SHAWL!



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

THE FOLLOWING DAY, BERT BID HIS WIFE AND BABY FAREWELL. FOR REASONS OF THEIR SAFETY, HE DECIDED TO FIGHT THE HAUNT ALONE...

WHY DON'T YOU COME, TOO, BERT? S-SOMETHING MIGHT HAPPEN TO YOU HERE! HOW CAN YOU FIGHT A GHOST?

I'LL BE ALL RIGHT, HONEY...

THANK GOODNESS THEY CAN GO TO MILDRED'S HOUSE... BUT BETSY IS RIGHT... HOW DOES A HUMAN FIGHT A GHOST? TIME ALONE WILL TELL...



MIDNIGHT... IF SOMETHING IS GOING TO HAPPEN, NOW IS THE TIME... WHAT'S THAT? AUNT TESS' VOICE!



SHE TRAINED YOU DIDN'T SHE? ALL THOSE WEEKS ALONE IN HER ROOM... SHE TAUGHT YOU A LOT OF TRICKS! EVEN HOW TO IMITATE HER VOICE! THIS TIME YOU'RE GOING TO BURN THE HOUSE DOWN... BUT I'M CHANGING AUNT TESS' PLANS... RIGHT NOW!

DIABEL' HER TRAINED CROW! WHY, HE'S PICKING UP A SPARK FROM THE FIRE! I THINK I KNOW HOW HOW TO FIGHT A GHOST!



THERE'S DADDY NOW! HE'S SMILING AT US, MOMMY...

The End

GHOST CLINIC

by Doctor Shade

Presented here are unusual experiences drawn from Dr. Shade's collection of supernatural events. Let us explore the unknown with him, the better to learn of unexplained forces that exist about us. This is YOUR Ghost Clinic. We invite you to share with us any accounts of similar happenings. Young stories will appear in coming issues of JOURNEY INTO FEAR, and will be illustrated by members of the Clinic's art staff. Everyone enjoys a ghost story . . . let us hear yours. Write to . . .

DR. SHADE,

GHOST CLINIC

2382 Dundas Street West

Toronto 9, Ontario, Canada

THE HAUNTED STAIRS

Grandfather Dobbs lived in the same house with his grandchildren but his advanced age pulled him further and further away from them. He was wont to spend most of his time in the attic, amid the dusty treasures that remained from former days. Such a pastime was harmless enough to begin with, but finally it became an obsession and the elderly gentleman resented any interruptions in his putting. This eccentricity would have continued on indefinitely without outside notice except for one development. One or two of the attic stairs had succumbed to the destroying influences of time, thus presenting a most dangerous situation. Despite all warnings, Grandfather Dobbs persisted in his daily excursions until the inevitable happened. With a cry of fright and pain, the old man tumbled down the rickety steps. Death followed swiftly but before drawing his final breath, the protesting Mr. Dobbs heaped imprecations on the object that removed him from this world. Most vehemently indeed were the attic stairs cursed!

After the funeral of Grandfather Dobbs, carpenters were called in to do a belated repair job. It was at the time the broken stairs were being mended that the Dobbs family became aware of the power of the deceased old gentleman's curse. Right around midnight the first sounds were heard. They came in the form of footsteps. And at first the noise grew progressively louder. Could it mean that Grandfather Dobbs had returned to the scene of his pleasure and disaster? Fearful glances were exchanged and cold chills experienced. Where were the haunting footsteps going? Why did they

pause so near the door, only to start again at the head of the staircase? How was it the sound was not heard returning up the stairs, but only coming down?

As with most mysteries, there was an answer. But it took the braved member of the Dobbs family to find the solution. The discovery was made by one who preferred to face the unknown rather than be tortured by it. There was no doubt that it was all the work of Grandfather Dobbs. But not in his present state. It soon became clear that the old man, when alive, had had no intention of missing his meals while exploring the attic. But what was the cause of all the excitement? Apples stored in a burlap bag that rotted and fell apart at the seams! As each apple was released, it tumbled down the stairs until it came to the point where the carpenters were making the necessary repairs. There the red balls of fruit rolled off the steps and plunged through the opening left by the removal of the broken stairs—stairs which had not yet been replaced.

What happened to Grandfather Dobbs's curse? Why, it seems that he found himself too preoccupied renewing old friendships in the spirit land, for he never got around to, putting it into practice!

FARMER'S OATH

This is the tale of a famous park. Almost everybody is aware of its existence. To reveal its name would serve only to revive its long-since forgotten memories and, perhaps, renew gossip and awesome whispers. Thus, in order to keep some timid persons from imagining that the park is still haunted and thereby unable to enjoy its beauty, we shall speak only of its strange history.

Once, the vast stretch of land was owned by a struggling farmer. It is recorded that all of his life's savings went into the purchase of the land he wanted as his own. Great was his labor; greater still were his sacrifices. But there finally came the day when he had amassed enough money to purchase the piece of earth he so long had desired. The great joy that filled the farmer's heart at making this acquisition was short-lived, however. Within a few months after he had attained his ambition, he was defrauded of it in a swindle that left him terribly red and sick of heart. Loss of his life's objective grieved him deeply. It affected his health. Declining rapidly, he was soon dead. But while on his deathbed, in the very last

moments he lived, the farmer uttered an oath. Its meaning was not entirely clear to those present. Part of his utterance seemed to refer to a tree which stood on the land, which had been his for so brief a time. Later, though, those who knew of the farmer's last words had reason to ponder over them.

After the farmer's pathetic and futile struggles in attempting to be a land-owner ceased to be a matter of neighborhood discussion, there came an odd turn of affairs. The portion of ground which had been taken from him had a new owner, but the new owner could get nothing of value from it. It seemed that the land refused to be owned! Many methods were tried in the hope of restoring its fertility, but they proved in vain. A vine did grow, but after that there rose a tangled mess comparable only to jungle growth! No matter what was attempted, nothing could remedy the strange situation, and it wasn't until many years later, upon the death of the man who had swindled the farmer out of his land, that the ugly, useless, tangled weeds stopped growing. But stop they did—suddenly and completely! There being no heirs, and no will being left by the deceased, the land became the property of the city.

The remarkable thing about it all was that the land had never proved of value to the swindler of the farmer! But when it changed ownership again, it flourished and grew. Not with gnarled and twisted weeds and useless vegetation, but with tall and stately trees and long reeds of grass that formed a carpet of green for all to enjoy. Its beauty commanded the admiration of everyone. And in time, the land became the famous park it is today. Perhaps you know the entire story. If so, you know the name of this park.

THE CLUTCHING KEYS

Some things are beyond understanding. They are, therefore, beyond explanation. A classic example of this would be the manner in which Paul Lubow met his death. Or should it be said, the assumed manner? In any event, Lubow did die and the circumstances surrounding his demise would seem to offer convincing evidence of existing forces that defy explanation.

Paul Lubow, theatre critic, was an acknowledged master of his craft. For evidence, one needs only to point to the reputation he established in ... a field; also, the long list of once widely-acclaimed actors and actresses he hurled into obscurity as the result of the adverse criticism he directed against them.

Love of his fellow-man was definitely not

one of Lubow's qualities. But it has been learned that Lubow once knew a love so great he could find no way of wresting it from his heart. The object of his mad devotion was the talented and beautiful Nora March, whose charms were familiar to theatregoers the world over. When Lubow finally gave expression to the affection he held for the fair lady, she firmly and coolly told him that she failed to share his views. From that moment on, Lubow became even more bitter than ever before. His love for Nora March turned to burning hate and the songstress became the target for every slur Lubow could invent. He attacked her without let-up in his widely-read column. Naturally, this was bound to have a serious effect—and it did. It worked on her nervous system, preventing her from appearing at her radiant best on the stage; it reduced her earning capacity, for her bookings dwindled. Nora eventually joined the ranks of skidding artists who had felt the poison of Lubow's deadly pen. For years, she remained in obscurity—no producer being willing to undertake a production that had to suffer as the result of Lubow's caustic comments. But finally, a theatre man decided to change it. He had just the vehicle which was warranted to re-establish Nora March as a stage star.

While Dame Fate attended Nora March in kindness and prepared her for opening night, the wheel of fortune also took a turn where Paul Lubow was concerned. He dropped completely out of sight. Nora March's performance was completely ignored by critic Lubow! In fact, he presented no play reviews of any sort to the syndicate that handled his daily column. He was not heard from by newspaper associates, nor even by intimate friends. All were mystified as to his whereabouts. The police were called in to help clear up the mystery of the missing critic. They labored without success until Lubow's valet returned from vacation. He led them to a secret room where the critic usually performed his work in absolute privacy. There they found what had been Paul Lubow—his sole earthly remains.

The corpse sat erect in a chair before a typewriter which held a neatly typed sheet of paper. Its message formed a bitter assault on Nora March. So full of vituperation was this letter, it was difficult to believe the words came from a sane person. But there was a still stranger element. Lubow's fingers were on the typewriter keys—yet one could hardly describe it so. For the keys seemed to have reached out and grasped Lubow's fingers—as if to stop him from completing his vile mission. The fingers were locked in a frenzied twist of steel! How can that be explained—a man killed by his typewriter?

HAUNTED HARBOR

WHEN THE TIDES RODE IN AND SHAFTS OF WHITE MOONLIGHT PLAYED UPON THE HARBOR, DEATH ROSE FROM THE SEA, BECKONING AND REACHING...



IT WAS ALMOST MIDNIGHT AND CYRUS MIRWARD, MORTICIAN OF THE VILLAGE OF STONEY CLIFF, DROVE HIS TEAM AT FULL SPEED ACROSS THE WINDING ROAD LEADING TO THE HILL-TOP

YOU SAY HE WAS TRYING TO TELL YOU SOMETHING, EH, DOC? WONDER WHAT IT WAS?

MAYBE JUST SAYING HE WAS HAPPY TO DEPART FROM THIS HAUNTED CLIFF, CYRUS! I'LL BE GLAD TO GET BACK TO TOWN MYSELF!



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

CHRIS HAD
MANY
MEETINGS
WITH DEAD
FOLKS.
BUT HE
NEVER DID
OVERCOME
HIS DREAD
OF THE
RIBBON OF
ROAD THAT
SKIRTED
THE CLIFF
ABOVE THE
HAUNTED
HARBOR...



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

BILL
WEST WAS AN
ADVENTURER
IN HIS HEART...
HE RELATED
TO HIS WIFE
THE ACCOUNT
OF THE HAUNTED
HARBOR, AND
AS SHE
FEARED, THE
NEXT MORNING
HE INSISTED
ON TAKING
A SAIL
THERE...



JOURNEY INTO FEAR



ONCE ASHORE PEG AND BILL HURRIED TO THE FRIENDLY LOCAL CONSTABLE AND RELATED THEIR HARROWING EXPERIENCE...



BILL WEST HAD ONE SUGGESTION... TO BOMB THE ROCKY CHANNEL PASS IN HOPES THAT IT WOULD DISLUDGE THE FOREVER... BUT BY THE TIME EXPLOSIVES WERE GATHERED, THE SUN WAS SETTING...



VEN BEFORE MOONRISE THE WATERY MAIDENS APPEARED... WRITHING IN THE GHOSTLY GLOW, THEY SILENTLY GESTURED, SUMMONING THE OCCUPANTS OF THE CRAFT TO COME HITHER ONTO THE JAGGED ROCKS WHERE DEATH WOULD BE INSTANTANEOUS...



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

NOT KNOWING WHETHER IT WAS A MYSTIC POWER OR THE PULL OF THE TIDE, THEY FELT THE BOAT DRAGGED THROUGH THE SWIRLING GREEN FOAM AND TOWARD THE GHOSTLY MAIDENS...

BILL, DO SOMETHING!
YOU'RE A GOOD
SAILOR! DO SOME-
THING! SAVE US!
I DON'T WANT TO
DIE!

PEG, DARLING! GET
CONTROL OF YOUR
SELF! THE
CONSTABLE IS
DOING ALL HE
CAN!

Nearer and nearer the creatures the craft traveled, and the trio waited in horror, for doom to overtake them.

DON'T LOOK,
PEG! CLOSE
YOUR EYES!

I'LL TRY
TO GET TO
THAT
DYNAMITE...
BUT...

LOOK! SOMEONE'S
COMING TO SAVE US!
BUT THEY'LL BE
KILLED, TOO!

HUSH!
THEY'RE
CALLING!

AHOY, THERE! HOLD
ON! I'M COMING ABOARD
YOU!

THE UNDERTAKER!
WHAT BRINGS YOU
OUT HERE?

I'VE GOT
FANTASTIC
NEWS! BEEN
SEARCHING
EVERWHERE
FOR THE
CONSTABLE!



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

CYRUS MIRWARD REACHED A SALT-SPRAYED HIND INTO HIS INSIDE COAT POCKET AND PULLED OUT A LEGAL PAPER... SHOUTING ABOVE THE ROAR OF WATER, HE ADDRESSED HIS AUDIENCE...

THE MERMAIDS! THEY'RE FAKE! SAYS SO HERE!

HASTILY, CYRUS EXPLAINED THAT HIS LAST CLIENT, THE LATE MARK JOHNSON, HAD PAINTED THE MERMAIDS ON THE ROCKS WITH A PHOSPHORUS PAINT, CAUSING THEM TO ONLY APPEAR IN THE NIGHT...



I KNEW THAT OLD HERMIT WOULD GO TO ANY EXTENT TO KEEP FOLKS OFF HIS PROPERTY OR HIS STRETCH OF BEACH, BUT I NEVER KNEW THE OLD COOT WAS AN ARTIST!

ARE YOU GOING TO BLAST THEM OUT OF THE WATER, CONSTABLE?

WELL, WHAT DO YOU FOLKS THINK?

WHY NOT JUST POST THE NEWS ABOUT THEM IN TOWN? THEN EVERYBODY'LL KNOW!



THE RETURN TO SHORE WAS ALMOST IN SILENCE... THE SUDDEN CLEARING UP OF THE MYSTERY OF THE GHOSTLY MERMAIDS LEFT LITTLE TO SAY...

THIS IS ONE ADVENTURE WE'LL NEVER FORGET, BILL...

THE WHOLE VILLAGE WILL REMEMBER!

YES, THE VILLAGE OF SEA CLIFF CHOSE NOT TO FORGET THE MAIDENS REMAINED AND AS IF HAPPY WITH THE DECISION, THEY STRANGELY APPEARED TO HAVE STOPPED THEIR SINISTER BECKONING AND TAKEN TO GRACEFUL MOONLIGHT DANCING



FREAKS' REVENGE!

THESE CREATURES KNOWN AS FREAKS TRUSTED MONA AS A FRIEND UNTIL THEY DISCOVERED HER FOR WHAT SHE REALLY WAS. THEN THEY DEMANDED A GRUESOME PRICE FOR THEIR BETRAYAL!



MONA LARSON SOUGHT HER FORTUNE IN AN UNUSUAL MANNER. SHE WAS PROPRIETRESS OF A LODGING HOME FOR THE CREATURES WHOM THE CARNIVAL EMPLOYED AS FREAKS. TO MONA, SUCH AN ARRANGEMENT WAS COMPLETELY A MONEY-MAKING PROPOSITION BUT LATER SHE HAD REASON TO THINK OTHERWISE.

THAT SPIDER-MAN IS BEGINNING TO GIVE ME THE CREEPS. I'M GOING TO JUNK THIS BUSINESS.

CHARLIE!
WHAT DO
YOU WANT?

I JUST WANTED
TO LOOK AT
YOU, MISS
MONA...



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

FOR SOME TIME NOW MONA HAD EYED HER LEDGER WITH BUT ONE THOUGHT IN MIND... QUITTING HER BUSINESS... RUNNING OUT ON THE CREATURES SHE HAD FLEECED ALL THESE MANY YEARS...



SOMEHOW MONA'S PLANS TO RUN OUT ON THE CREATURES BECAME A MATTER OF ESCAPE! THESE WERE NO ORDINARY FOLK... FOR YEARS THEY HAD DEFENDED ON HER TO MANAGE THEIR AFFAIRS, AND NOW THEY WEREN'T GOING TO LET HER ABANDON THEM SO EASILY.



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

I CRY THAT
I FOUNDED
HUMAN
RUSHED
TO HER
ROOM AND
MIRROR
TOLD HER
AN EERIE
STORY...



I MUST DO SOMETHING TO STOP THIS! I WON'T PERMIT IT TO HAPPEN! IT'S GOT TO STOP! GOT TO!



BUT GONE WAS HER POWER... MONA OF YESTERDAY HAD COMPLETELY DISAPPEARED. A HUMAN MIND WAS TRAPPED IN CAT FORM. HELPLESSLY SHE SANK TO THE FLOOR IN EXHAUSTION AND CURLED IN THE FASHION OF THE FELINE, SHE SLIPPED OFF INTO SLUMBER...

LIMP LOST ITS MEANING, BUT WHEN MONA AWAKENED, VOICES SOUNDED ABOVE HER.

WONDERFUL SPECIMEN! WUNDER HOW LONG MONA LARSEN KEPT HER A SECRET?

NEVER MIND THAT, SHE'S AWAKE! AND SHE'LL FLY IF WE DON'T MOVE FAST!

THE SPIDER-MAN IS GOING TO COLLECT HER PAY! SHE'S HIS CHARGE! WAIT'L WE ADD HER TO THE SHOW! THE PUBLIC WILL STORM OUR GATES!

DON'T PUT HER IN WITH THE REAL CATS! THEY'D ONLY KILL HER AND SPOIL EVERYTHING!

DON'T WORRY! SHE'LL GET SPECIAL TREATMENT! SHE'S A MONEY-MAKER!

THE CARNIVAL BOUGHT MONA AND THE CREATURES SHE HAD ATTEMPTED TO ROB AND DESERT, DELIVERED HER WRETCHING AND SNARLING TO A CAGE...

FOR MOMENTS NAUGHT BUT TERROR, FILLED HER HEART AND BRAIN AS SHE WATCHED THE LIVE CATS PADDLING ABOUT THE ADJOINING CAGES...

THEY'LL GET ME! THEY'LL KILL ME...

BUT THEN SHE REMEMBERED THE HORRIFYING FACT THAT SHE WAS ONE OF THEM... ALMOST ONE OF THEM...

THEY SENSE I'M HUMAN! BUT WITH THOSE BARS BETWEEN US, I'M STILL SAFF!

AND NOW I MUST THINK... I'LL GET OUT OF THIS... I MUST BE CALM AND FIGURE CAREFULLY...



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

BY EVENTIDE, MONA HAD ARRIVED AT A PLANT UNDER THE BLARE OF NOISE FROM THE BIG TENT. SHE ACTED SWIFTLY...



HA! I CAN REACH IT! THE MASTER SWITCH... EVERY CAT IN THE SHOW WILL BE FREE IN SECONDS!

HELP! THE CATS ARE LOOSE! ONE'S GOT THE BEARDED LADY! HELP!



STOP SHOUTING! THE PLACE IS IN A PANIC! YOU'LL SAVE YOUR OWN LIFE IF YOU TRY TO CALM DOWN!

SAVE ME! SAVE ME!

SCREAMS OF THE FEAR-CRAZED MOB MINGLED WITH THE SHRIEKING WOUNDED AND THE ROARS OF CATS WHO HAD TASTED BLOOD...



TRY TO CURSE MONA LARSON, WILL THEY? I'LL SHOW THEM!

BACK! CIRCLE THEM AND GET THEM BACK IN THEIR CAGES!



THE BEARDED LADY IS DEAD! DON'T TELL ME THEY MISSED KILLING MY OLD FRIEND, THE SPIDER-MAN!



YOU DID THIS, MONA... PERHAPS YOU THOUGHT YOU'D ESCAPE? YOU DIDN'T KNOW YOUR CAGE HAS A SPECIAL LOCK! YOU'LL REGRET THIS NIGHT, I PROMISE YOU!



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

SOON THE TURMOIL CEASED AND THE CROWD DISPERSED TOWARD DAWN. THE SILENCE SETLED OVER THE GROUNDS... BUT THE GIANT CATS STILL PACED THEIR CAGES. AND SUDDENLY...

I HAVE RETURNED, LITTLE MONA! TOO BAD YOU HAVE NO SPEECH TO GREET ME!

CHARLIE! WHAT DOES HE WANT? HE CAN'T GET IN HERE!

NOW WE WILL SEE HOW CLEVER YOU ARE, CAT-GIRL. STAND BACK, LEST I AM TEMPTED TO THROTTLE YOU!

HE'S FOOLING AROUND WITH THE LOCK!

GET AWAY FROM HERE, YOU!

IF HE OPENS THAT LATCH, THE OTHER CATS CAN GET IN AT ME!

FIGHTING ME WILL DO YOU NO GOOD! SAVE YOUR STRENGTH, YOU'RE GOING TO NEED IT!

STOP! STOP, I SAY!

AND NOW I LEAVE, YOU TO THE FATE YOU BROUGHT ON YOUR OWN PRETTY HEAD!

SAVE ME! WHAT SHALL I DO... I CAN'T CRY OUT LIKE A HUMAN AND I CAN'T SPEAK IN CAT TONGUE! IF ONLY THE ATTENDANTS WOULD COME BY...

PERHAPS I STILL HAVE A CHANCE... THEY DIDN'T APPEAR AWARE OF ME! I'LL JUST SIT MOTIONLESS...



FROZEN
IN TERROR,
MONA
APPEARED
MORE TO BE
A CAT STATUE
THAN A
LIVING BEING
IN THE SULTRY
BREAKS OF
DAWN... HOPE
POUNDED
WITHIN HER
WHEN THE
GRAVEL
OUTSIDE
CRACKLED
UNDER
APPROACHING
FOOTSTEPS...

THE ATTENDANTS! IF ONLY I
COULD CALL THEM! I'LL SHAKE
THE BARS! THEY'VE GOT TO
NOTICE ME! GOT TO...

THE FREAKS! THEY'VE
COME TO WATCH...
AND GLOAT... OH,
YOU MONSTERS...
IF I COULD
GET AT YOU!



WE HAVE DECIDED TO
FREE YOU FROM OUR CURSE, MONA
LARSON... YOU WILL RETURN NOW
TO YOUR OWN FORM...

AT FIRST
MONA'S EYES
LIT WITH GOAT-
ING HATE...
ONCE HER FULL
HUMAN POWER
RETURNED,
SHE WOULD
MAKE THEM
PAY DEARLY...
BUT THEN SHE
REMEMBERED...



NO! CHANGE ME
BACK! HOW CAN
I FIGHT CATS AS
A WOMAN?



CHANGE ME BACK, OR GET ME
OUT OF HERE! HAVE PITY!



WHAT DO YOU KNOW
OF PITY? YOU STOLE
FROM US, WE'RE
ABOUT TO ABANDON
US, AND EVEN TURNED
CATS LOOSE TO
KILL US!

OPEN THE
CAGE AND
I'LL PAY YOU
BACK! ANYTHING...

JOURNEY INTO FEAR

MONA'S
IRRITATING
EFFECT ON THE
KILLER-CATS
FARLING AND
RING FANGS,
THEY MOVED
FORWARD...

KEEP AWAY FROM
ME! HELP! HELP!

IT IS NO MORE
THAN WHAT SHE
WISHED ON US!

IT IS HER FATE...
A BITTER ONE...
LET US GO!

GREAT SCOTT! HOW
DID YOU GET IN THERE,
MONA?

GET ME OUT!
OPEN THE GATE!
HURRY!

SAVE ME,
YOU FOOLS!
HELP!

TOO LATE... FUNNY
HE WASN'T EVEN
ARED! JUST
FIGHTING...

SHE WAS ALWAYS
LIKE THAT.. TREATED
THESE FREAKS
WORSE THAN
ANIMALS!

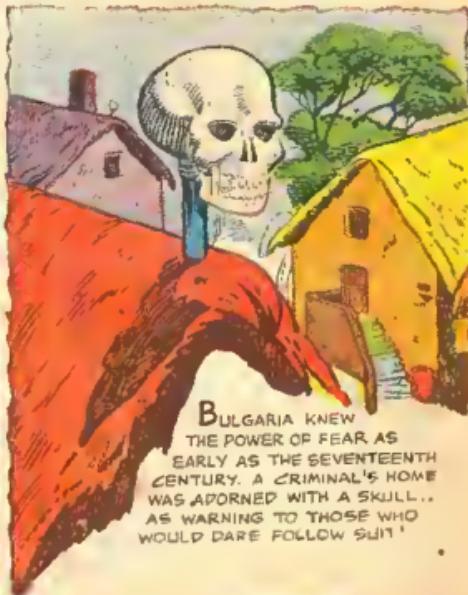
AND SO ENDED THE FATE OF THE
AMBITION WOMAN WHO LIVED FOR
HERSELF ALONE AND THOUGHT SHE
COULD OUTWIT POWERS NO MAN WILL
EVER REALLY UNDERSTAND ...

TERROR'S TRAIL

FEAR IS KNOWN THE WORLD OVER! IN CERTAIN SOUTH SEA ISLANDS, NATIVES RARELY SLEEP WITHOUT A DAGGER BENEATH THEIR PILLOW TO FRIGHTEN AWAY EVIL SPIRITS.

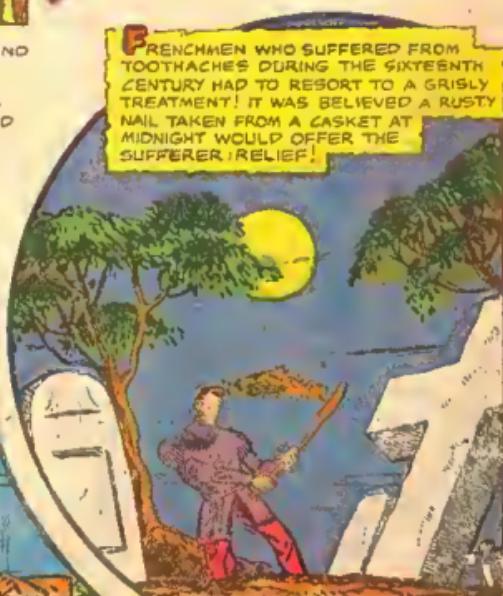


A POOR MAN HAD NO CASKET IN ENGLAND LESS THAN TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO! A COMMON CARRIER WITH A FALSE HINGED BOTTOM WAS USED TO CONVEY THE DEPARTED TO THEIR GRAVES!



BULGARIA KNEW THE POWER OF FEAR AS EARLY AS THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. A CRIMINAL'S HOME WAS ADORNED WITH A SKULL.. AS WARNING TO THOSE WHO WOULD DARE FOLLOW SUIT!

FRENCHMEN WHO SUFFERED FROM TOOTHACHES DURING THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY HAD TO RESORT TO A GRISLY TREATMENT! IT WAS BELIEVED A RUSTY NAIL TAKEN FROM A CASKET AT MIDNIGHT WOULD OFFER THE SUFFERER RELIEF!





Let's play house

Dear to the heart of every child is a Doll's House. Little people, a rug and real movable furniture in every room in the house: Bed Room, Living Room, Dining Room and Kitchen, all ready to punch out and assemble. "Clicks" together without glue or pins. Plasticised for easy cleaning, all in beautiful natural colors.

LIVING ROOM: Television Set in Rich Mahogany tone, Coffee Table, Two End Tables, One Blue Club Chair, One Decorative Club Chair and matching Chesterfield - all can be set up and moved about to any place you choose on the gorgeous carved pattern type Broodloom Rug. And of course, there are four people for each Room - a Boy and a Girl with their Mother and Dad. And all are dressed in different clothes and colors to suit whichever room they are in.

DINING ROOM: Beautifully furnished with a nine-piece modern Walnut Tone Dining Room Suite and lovely Rug to harmonize everyone is wearing their very best clothes, smart and colorful.

BEDROOM: A Dream Room, a Dresser with Bevel Mirror, Chest of Drawers, Night Table, two beautiful Chairs trimmed to match the Bedspread. The two "men" are dressed in pyjamas, while the ladies wear handsome gowns.

The backs of all the pictures of all the furniture and people are specially prepared so that you can color them.

ALL THREE OF THESE ROOMS ARE ONLY \$1.00 POSTPAID
THERE IS ALSO A KITCHEN: Rug, People, Furniture and all a Combination Sink, Cabinet, Refrigerator, Electric Range, Washing Machine, Table stand and 2 Chairs. PRICE 35c extra.

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